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# VOICES OF THE SOUL



THIRZA CRESSWELL



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# **VOICES OF THE SOUL**

*BY THE SAME AUTHOR*

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**STRAY THOUGHTS IN VERSE**

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LONDON: H. R. ALLENSON, LIMITED.

# VOICES OF THE SOUL

BEING A  
SECOND SERIES OF  
STRAY THOUGHTS IN VERSE

By  
THIRZA CRESSWELL

"I will cast Anchor with the Most High  
—In Him; Is my *sole* trust."

1908  
LONDON: H. R. ALLENSON, LIMITED  
RACQUET COURT, 114 FLEET ST. E.C.





## PREFACE.

HAVING been successful far above my expectations with reference to my little book entitled "Stray Thoughts in Verse," I venture to issue the present addition to same, trusting that it may meet with the same approval as heretofore, and that it may humbly serve the sincere purpose for which, in each instance, it was intended, viz., that some few crumbs of thought may perchance fall where none has had access before. That I may in some measure answer the end for which I was created—in humbly performing some little work that shall redound to the glory of God—is my most earnest prayer.

T. C.



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# VOICES OF THE SOUL

## A HAPPY PROSPECT.

No shadows of earth shall e'er extinguish heaven's  
light,  
Or, the fair cherished hopes of expectancy blight,  
In the pure happy regions of spirits there blest.  
Hope is the *grapnel* of this haven of rest :  
Bright joys of fulfilment, in glorious return,  
Surpassing in tranquillity the earth's heedless  
stern,  
Entranced in high bliss with seraphs they share  
From clear deep fount the pure springs of life,  
And freely inhale its sweet essences there ;  
Where no darkness e'er intrudes to mar, nor  
strife,  
There ! pure love and joy sad gloom doth defy :  
And sweet graces reflect as sunbeams from sky  
Burst from dense clouds on a murky day,  
Dispersing all the shadows that obscured the way  
To the bright portals of immaculate bliss.  
(Sure ! none that's sane would such high treasures  
miss !)  
There ! wherein is solid ground beneath our waver-  
ing feet !  
And bright hopes that ne'er deceive their missions  
repeat,

## A Happy Prospect

When in immortal beauty we rise from nether  
dust.

'Rayed in 'thereal blessedness; *gladly* join the just,  
Who work with willing hands amid the lustrous  
light,

Shedding a halo round, to scan the glories, bright  
From reflected rays of the glorious Sun of love,  
To reign triumphant in His Mansion-house above.  
Where they longed with warm, intense desire to  
be,

Since, in His shining laws they sovereign beauty  
see !

And *more* : as drank the bliss of fleeting years,  
Scattering wide His precepts, as did the virtuous  
seers.

## As thy Day, so shall thy Strength be 3

### AS THY DAY, SO SHALL THY STRENGTH BE.

How often this promise hath been proved ;  
And its efficacy *now* is the same  
As when the words were first spoken,  
When our Saviour in majesty came.

Be not then fearful, from day to day,  
Since His promises are *yea*, and *amen*,  
The words He hath spoken long since  
Finds no cause to *repeat again*.

Since we *know* He's a trusty friend,  
We'll approach Him in anticipation,  
For we never can cherish a doubt  
He'll help us in all tribulation.

As His promises are always the same,  
Fresh strength for each day He'll supply :  
And strength to strength fully renew ;  
And 'tis needless to question why.

Since His love is *abounding*, intense :  
Whatever we ask shall receive,  
If the favour His *precepts doth meet*,  
And we in His justice believe.

#### 4 As thy Day, so shall thy Strength be

Did earth e'er produce such a friend ?

Trow not, in the sense *right esteemed* :

Oh ! who could His justice gainsay,

Who of unfulfilled promises e'er dreamed ?

So, sure, to our rescue He'll come,

And we never a doubt need hold,

Since His promises are *yea*, and *amen*,

Which never needs twice to be told.

## A DAY AT A TIME.

LIVE to-day ! Only a day at a time !

'Twill lessen anxiety 'mid the cares of life  
Feeling happy in the thought, 'tis but a little while  
We've courageously to encounter the strife.

See all earthly estates be made even

So tranquillity reign, where no flurry e'er jar,  
Intruding its unseemly disquiet, to clash,  
All freed from cares intermingled to *mar*.

So earth's joyful days shall be one glad day

The nights succeeding a peaceful repose,  
Count not days unfailing, thou never may'st *see*,  
*Calmly*, welcome the day, bringing life to a close.

## 6      A Walk with the Angels

### A WALK WITH THE ANGELS.

OH ! mother dear ! said a bright little boy,  
I've been walking with the angels to-day,  
They invited me so *lovingly* to come  
And sang softly to me, the sweetest lay !

Then, oh ! they whispered so kindly and soft  
Somehow, dear mother, so enchanted was I  
With their beaming smiles and sweet seraph songs,  
I'd have liked at their feet to lie !

I'd there be content with the tiniest seat  
Could I but lisp, to merit some shares :  
Mother mine ! I'd like *you* to come, to  
Share in the sweet soft pæans of theirs.

Then you'd always be near your little boy !  
And you'd sing with the angels and me,  
Together we'd sing the soft sweet lays  
At the beautiful shrine of God's see.

You could tell them then of your loneliness,  
They would listen, dearest mother, I'm sure !  
Say, you'd be lonely without your little boy,  
They'd *surely* note you were *sad* ! and poor.

### A PLEA FOR WARINESS.

SUPPOSING, after all my faith, and aims,  
And musings lone, and hopes, and tears,  
My Lord in His high measured judgment,  
*fair* :  
Refuse to heed emotion's conscious fears ?

Some errors that He sees and carefully notes :  
From open sight obscured : or *hid* by *me* !  
For very shame of self accusing soul,  
In light of justice view'd, dare not flee !

Since, acute conscience scrutiny's a responsible  
fire !  
Which, whil'st it burns, refuse to rest  
Till every lurking ember smother'd be  
That will not stand heaven's justly measured  
test.

That will not yield obedience unto Him,  
And welcome freely all His just decrees,  
For He hath proved Himself omnipotent !  
And all His various well tried laws agree.



As a shining light a dark pathway clears,  
He guides aright our wary onward way,  
To prove Himself a valiant conqueror  
Sometimes, doubtful leaves, to keep a safer  
sway.

AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

IF, at the feet of Jesus, we are firmly ground,  
We need not fear the shoal,  
For, He will bear us safe and quickly thro'  
While the towering billows roll.

'Tis safe to stand by Him, that He may lead,  
And watchful eye might keep,  
Since, should we fall, He'll willing lend His aid  
To shield us from the deep.

Who would not stand by such dear friend as  
this ?  
On Him they could depend !  
So safely could, to His wise care, implicit trust,  
In all dangers He'd defend !

To feel the solid ground beneath our sinking feet  
And know that One is near,  
With sacred confidence in help so able, may  
repose ;  
Nor harbour shade of fear.

## At the Feet of Jesus

Where each in others faith in mutual bonds unite  
To bind a sacred trust  
'Tis worth a life, to seal such contract, *sure* !  
A *triumph* great and just !

## A SHORT VISIT.

AFTER FORTY-THREE YEARS.

At length, I wept awhile, beside thy sward grown  
tomb,

Tho' many varied, severed, rolling years had  
intervened.

And oh! what memories woke, with mingled  
tears of joy!

The moving years between hath ne'er affection  
weaned;

Nor shall I e'er lose sight of Thy much revered  
form.

When waiting my return in that last anxious  
hour

While hovering midway 'twixt the external and  
the finite

As thou did'st bid farewell and timely counsel  
pour

That saidst so *glad*: thy Sabbath would be spent  
above:

'Twas *even* so! At dawn thy soul triumphant  
passed:

The blest fulfilment came as on the margin site  
Infused with 'therial blessedness and thy last  
anchor cast

## A Short Visit

As strains of music greet thy ears, *unheard*  
before,  
While viewing lucid, near, scenes which 'fore  
were seen afar :  
The cherished theme of past, was fully realised !  
As reverently thou enterest within the final  
bar  
Where thy yearning soul had long desired to  
be.  
Can *I forget* ! thy supplication, God my soul  
would keep ?  
No, no ! slow time can ne'er so easy rob emotion  
so  
Of one so much beloved ; on which reflection  
eye-lids steep.  
An orphan lone, just launched on life's broad  
ocean vast  
When thou didst count the days thyself wast  
*born anew*,  
And wrestling with the Lord, to Him thou didst  
commend  
For offering, my infant form, till to His arms  
He drew.  
And tho' the future years to me were number-  
less,  
Still my grateful soul while hovering o'er thy  
dust w'd feel  
Thy kindly admonitions, wisely proffered, to the  
end,  
Which fills reflective muse with reverence to  
seal

## A Short Visit

13

The blessed contract which, mute inspired our  
inmost souls,  
And earnest pray : thy God, be mine ! my  
footsteps to defend  
As thro' earth's trackless wilds I stray ; a  
counsellor ;  
For, there is none *besides* I know ! who could so  
safely tend.

## A Double Line

### A DOUBLE LINE.

I WONDER how oft a sculptor perceives  
As he chisels piece by piece  
The double line he may draw  
As stroke upon stroke decrease ?

Well suited to his interesting task  
Side by side in unison to blend ;  
As he follows the line of one  
The other will curve and bend.

The soul and the statue alike  
Shall bend at the artist's will ;  
Till the model at length be complete  
Past records of life to fill.

Time, to each one, reward shall bring  
For labour well carved and wrought  
To fill the blank pages of past  
To leave behind *more* than was brought.

So, each soul may answer *some end*  
For which the Great Master designed  
In His wise Omnipotency  
Who His purposes doth seal and bind.

## BROTHERHOOD.

Oh ! would we understood, the terms of brother-  
hood

Uniting each to other in *concord pure, divine*,  
Would we cherished all the graces sweet unity  
doth bring

And the multifarious virtues these attributes  
combine.

Oh ! would we pondered well, defining all the  
power

Combined within the realm of purity and  
peace

Together with the blessings which constantly  
arise

And should our love, and zeal, and *confidence*  
*increase*.

How blest, uniting sympathies in one concordant  
whole !

Sweet unity's *divine* : *where illustrious graces*  
*blend* :

Powerful with the bond of right, and love of  
harmony

And nature's helpful mien, join, her glorious  
charms to lend.



Creating all things anew, where *love* and *concord*  
*meet* ;

Raised, by the perfect laws, which men of grace  
devise,

In purposeful fulfilment, the end of all perfection,  
The glory of blest brotherhood in *heaven's*  
*eternal* wise !

Defending with its influence rare, all nations  
alike,

It, all the glories of the united states enhance ;  
Extending forth to earth's distant bounds its  
efficacious sway

Till one bond of brotherhood Christ's kingdom  
sure advance.

Regardless of their own : men rule with equity :  
Nor *semblance* *wont* to *feign* in their pure  
dealings fair,

Seek neither loss nor gain to know, content withal  
So, in each other's *burdens* helpful service they  
may share.

Till earth be ruled by love, and virtues bright  
reflect

Where unions graces blend : and shine thro'  
brotherhood

With penetrative brilliance akin to light divine  
Where peace, love, and justice, in *heaven's* *sense*  
*are understood*,

Glad, in God's service await, to obey all His pure  
commands ;

Where truth, love and justice, doth blend,  
with unity's grace,

Till earth reverberates with echoes of its blest  
renown

As its glorious excellence extends to the globe's  
remotest space.

Quickened by its virtues of power permeating  
where'er it *proved*

The course of its flow doth extend, *and naught*  
*shall impede*

The pure progress of its upward course and  
tranquility calm,

As from ages, thro' eternal ages, its meritorious  
precepts shall lead.

## BE NOT ASHAMED.

NE'ER be ashamed to own Him you confess !  
Maybe, you'll one day have a favour to ask !  
Then, how the question 'fore Him would you lay ?  
Methinks, you'd soon recoil from your unfair  
task.

Besides being unworthy of so sacred a trust,  
As example : how with the world would you  
fare ?  
When, as false disciple, your Lord you deny  
Can you fairly expect in His treasures to share ?

Oh ! how could you ever join the pure song  
When you a traitor had *denied* His sweet  
name ?  
Since, untrustworthy e'en in most trivial sense  
Could ne'er uphold the *pure courts* of His *fame*.

## BEND LOW!

BEND low! 'tis too amazing! This pure free  
love of Thine,  
How can it be that I, can ever grieve Thee  
mine?

Can dare to claim a part in Thy pure precepts  
high.  
The truth claims willing *full surrender*, it must be  
told;  
Yes, the truth it must be told, all uncondition-  
ally.

Thou long'st to come a willing guest, *to help Thou  
aimest* :

Thou knewest I was frail, and that was why Thou  
camest

To be my sure defender, because I Thee did  
need!

Yes, that is why Thou camest Lord, undoubtedly  
That is why Thou followest me, because Thy  
heart doth bleed.

Thou knewest all the dangers round the winding  
way ther'd be,  
And Thou being perfect guide, Thy help could'st  
render me :

**Bend Low !**

So, 'tho I unwilling grieve, I know I dare to  
trust  
Thou'lt lead me on to conquest, o'er the intricate  
ways  
*Because Thy love is perfect, and all Thy laws are  
just.*

*This, Lord,* is why Thy love and patience faileth  
never,  
Naught shall change my mind from Thy sweet  
love to sever,  
Following, *tho' it grieved Thee*, to help me in my  
need !  
Bend low ! 'tis wonderful amazing ! love so pure  
and free,  
It demands my *full surrender*, 'tis past all ken  
indeed.

BLEST !

BLEST *indeed* are they, thrice blessed !  
 Who have gained the long sought rest ;  
 Those who bore thro' tribulation,  
*There* ! safe recline on Jesu's breast !

They have seen His gracious works  
 Triumphant o'er the vast domain,  
 A conquering hero 'mid earth's strife,  
 'Tho encountering loss, or gain !

Cause have they for loud thanksgiving ;  
 Led safe thro' track with dangers fraught  
 His name no less can magnify !  
 Calls full response for works He wrought !

They have proved the gems great worth  
 And to God's all wise laws surrendered !  
 A true *trustworthy friend* they found  
 When to Him their life was tendered !

What wonder is it they are blest  
 With such a constant friend as this ?  
 Redeemed ! they breathe in light supernal !  
 Oh ! who would such redemption miss ?

## 22 Can I Love, when I Grieve Thee ?

### CAN I LOVE, WHEN I GRIEVE THEE ?

OH ! how can *I dare* say I love  
When I grieve Thee so oft ?  
And as oft Thou art ready to forgive  
With Thy gentle voice and soft.

'Tis not that I would not love Thee,  
My heart would quickly respond,  
Tho', the flesh is so frail at best ;  
So oft, I'm ready to despond.

What response, can I render for this ?  
Wherein did the fault take root ?  
Was it not *my own negligent watch* ?  
Ah ! *this is a question*, moot !

There is matter for reflection here :  
And safer, the sooner discuss'd,  
As it gathereth nought by delay,  
Seeming so *unworthy* of trust.

So I plead, Thou would'st now discuss  
With me, this all important point  
While as yet it is well with me ;  
Let the contract between be joint.

## CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

BEHOLD, the christian warfare !  
 Walk worthy as ye may ;  
 The world your faults lay bare  
 And watch your steps that stray.

Forgetting *true perfection*  
 Cometh precept upon precept,  
 Proceeds, by line and section ;  
 Where'er God's laws are kept.

Forget not then *your part* ;  
 Lest theirs you should *retard* !  
 Use all your sacred art ;  
 Lest His great work be *marred* !

And you be self accused,  
 Since you on guard should stand ;  
 With His great truths infused !  
 Your questioning sires *withstand*.



## CHIME THE BELLS.

CHIME all the bells, ring in the natal morn  
 To welcome Him who came in heavenly beauty  
 dress'd,  
 Our dear beloved Saviour, who brought such  
 joyful news  
 When His Throne He left and heaven's imperial  
 guest  
 To show His yearning love for sinful fallen men,  
 And bring unto His Courts His Father's  
 presence in,  
 Escorted by the seraphs of the shining throng ;  
 Where in blessed unity, past the bounds of sin  
 They dwell in sweet allegiance to their royal King,  
 To reciprocate His love in adoration High !  
 To laud His condescension and *worthy tribute*  
*raise,*  
 With cohorts of blest angels in highest offerings  
 vie :  
 Raise a glorious paean, on this natal morn  
 Hail the light that dawn'd, triumphant borne !  
 Peal the tenor bells to-day throughout the universe  
*Welcome Him* who came all *darkness* to disperse !

## DIMINUTION.

WHAT emblematic views are given  
 That we our *final goal might trace* !  
 As sunset fades near twilight hour  
 When darken'd clouds their rays efface  
 And weariness obscures their glance,  
 So eyes grow dim near closing life,  
 That we may *tranquilly*, close earth's strife.

The rest which comes serene at length  
 Hath borrowed for its final end  
 Strange stages o'er the passing course ;  
 Near, where the intricate crossings bend  
 Some signals to communicate,  
 While traversing the doubtful side ;  
 To be, some, sure and helpful guide.

What wisdom doth the Master show !  
 In all, that justice here pertain,  
 To give such emblematic views  
 That we might bliss above attain !  
*As drooping powers and vision wanes,*  
 The sun and clouds a share doth claim  
 To represent His special aim.

## DESPISED AND REJECTED.

WAS ever heartfelt grief so *passive* borne ?  
 Or human sufferings e'er so *sanctified*  
 When meekly raised on high the Holy rood ?  
 There ! Calm and passionless ! He only  
 sighed ?

Disdained was He : yet spake no word  
 Of 'plaint against the oppressors sore :  
 Despised of men and wounded He  
 With placid resignation, *patient* bore.

They did in Him no *beauty* see !  
 Therefore, how could they His purity desire ?  
 Nor could they grasp the Æolian notes  
 Of His sweet-toned many stringed lyre.

They only contemplated present site  
 Of useless pleasures transient, for a while ;  
 Heeding not that contact doth assiduously  
 Contribute *much*, their vestments to defile.

Alas ! They love those fleeting pleasures *most* !  
 And all the higher Advocates defy :  
*Dim eyes* ! They cannot clearly there behold  
 On Calvary's mount the *crucifixion* High !

## DEPENDENCE.

WHEN first I mused, 'words to indite,  
I did not fully understand  
How greatly all dependent I  
Must lean to *God's inspiring hand*.

For oft I find no words will flow,  
Till, when *He willeth*, flow apace ;  
My pen which long aside was laid  
Then, find no speed the words to trace.

And oft I long to plead for Him,  
(He *knows* I sometimes need some rest)  
To praise with Him, in commune sweet ;  
*Then*, lean I on His tranquil breast.

Sometimes He gives to comely set,  
Wherein I His sweet graces twine ;  
His perfect laws to beautify  
In worthy tableau Him enshrine.

I sometimes ask Him for a line  
To blend with more He gave, to use,  
*This*, on Him shows dependence full  
*Till He His words of grace infuse*.

## DAISIES.

## I.

COME, little daisies shy  
Say why, the muses accord you no chant ?  
Is it because you seem insignificant ?  
I've ne'er seen a eulogy in defence,  
Or an ode to your sweet innocence !

Come, tell me quickly, why  
Flowerets, why, so reluctant and shy you seem,  
Must tender you a loan of *becoming* esteem :  
" Draw not your tiny white curtain so close,"  
Since you might be *stigmatized* morose.

DAISIES.

II.

AWAKE, awake ! little innocent daisies awake !  
 And show us your rich hearts of gold,  
 Awake pretty gems your admirers to greet,  
 Your sweet innocent charms now unfold.  
 We await all impatient to greet you ;  
 Daisies ; expand ! show us your pretty white  
 fringe  
 Let the sunbeams play round your hearts  
 Ere the night-shades cause petals to cringe ;  
 Awake pretty daisies, bees buzzing round for  
 honey  
 Are awaiting to approach with intent.  
 Sun's peeping thro' your pinky white folds  
 And the morn is already far spent.  
 Ope little gems 'tis time you were doing,  
 Fear not the sun your petals will singe ;  
 Welcome its shining rays in your hearts  
 So, the beams reflect from your fringe  
 To display your rich hearts of gold.  
 Stand you erect on your fragile stems,  
 The shine of the sunbeams reflected  
 Shall proclaim you sweet innocent gems.  
 Look up, and gaze at the sunshine's rays,  
 Where you in relief emboss the velvet sward

Like stars bespangled o'er hillside and mead.

Blossoms, joyous children oft in possession  
stored

Where harmless competition oft secured the best

In fond sweet shy embrace. By you allured !

As with eager arms they ran to greet.

Pretty posies, violets, you may be quite assured

All your demands would meet, *and more*,

Would make companions, you, serenely calm,  
sedate,

You'll ne'er find any *more* pure and chaste

Flowerets, 'rayed in purple robes of state.

Your temperamental difference, too,

That which you lack shall be supplied

In contrast : 'tho, you *essentially agree* !

Since you are in pure chastity allied,

Snowdrops, little Queens of spring you may invite

Associates choice, in concord you to greet,

With petals self-tinted from soft green foliage

Chaste rivals, sharing the violet's perfume sweet :

Come, lift your shy heads ; gaze around !

See, little gems, what nightshades have  
wrought !

From stores of plenty, soothing repast distill'd,

Come, drink the soft dews, for refreshment  
brought.

Your coyness some simple truths might teach,

Not judged by the size of your crown

Height, gayness, or colour of chaste petals.

Open, we'll tread lightly : where you're strown

Lest your modest attire should be crushed

And pierced your sweet innocent hearts of gold,  
Causing you sensitively to cringe ;

Incapacitating your petals to unfold.

Your trim little crowns deem'd important enough

Gems to bedeck the sheeny green sward !

Tread lightly : we must highly esteem

Innocence so pure, you, *rights* should *accord* !

So awake pretty daisies, lift up your crowns,

We'll gladly hasten to welcome and greet ;

Since a halo of brightness you forebode

Sunshine, long days, and flowers fragrant and  
sweet.

Add qualities forecited, *some*, noteworthy fame

For virtues so *harmless*, should attend on your  
name ;

Far too much lauded, perchance some may say,

“ Never mind : so purity they truthful homage  
pay.



## EVENTIDE.

'Tis grand to view the beauteous passing shades  
Of eve's declining sun, and mark its varied  
stage,  
As sinking down it leaves a tranquil calm,  
Adding to nature's wondrous book, illustrious  
page.

Serenely guides the pilgrim to his rest :  
When prostrate, worn, and tired of length of  
way,  
While gazing upwards find a sweet relief  
In contemplating joys, at close of life's short  
day :

As dews at eventide steal softly o'er  
The earth, at closing day, to bring a quiet rest,  
So, sinking souls when death dews rise,  
Find soothing sweet repose on Jesu's tender  
breast.

Repose which *naught of earthly joys* could bring  
Within His genial Courts. As slowly opes the  
gates  
I view the glory 'yond, and *inly plead*  
That I, at eventide may share His blest  
estates.

## ETHEREAL VOICES.

*(Revised)*

How charming sweet those sounds I hear  
Which lure my soul so oft !  
Falling so gently on mine ear,  
The music's tranquil calm  
And thrilling notes sublime and soft  
Pour out a soothing balm  
Which lulls my restless, fevered brow ;  
While at its shrine I oft  
In adoration lowly bow,  
And list with bated breath  
To strains so pure and sweetly mild,  
Methought an angel's breath  
Had touched the magic lute strings soft,  
Through the waste the music rang,  
A sweet refrain the voices sang  
And caught its subtler trend ;  
Breathing blest concord, *undefiled*,  
Harmoniously to blend  
Their pure enchanting joyous strain  
In serenest undertone  
Which sweet reverberate thro' the main,  
And for notes *unheard* atone.

## FLEETING TIME.

THE years are well nigh spent,  
Which God in kindness, lent :  
And I am hastening fast  
Where the anchor's grapnel's cast.

Nought, of import here, when laid ;  
Or more to say than's *said* :  
Concerning the *important* part !  
In the world's shrewd busy mart !

Ye've heard of the Cross' story,  
That Patriarchs wise and hoary,  
Found in Him a springing well  
And *glad*, the news did tell !

Delighted, here, to spread His fame,  
In tableau glorify His name ;  
Counting all besides, as *dross*  
In contrast with the sacred Cross :

They, in Him were well content,  
Grateful for the years He lent  
Willing soon His call to obey  
They coveted no *protracted* stay :

## Fleeting Time

35

And I have found Him sweet,  
And the blessed news repeat !  
Nor tire His laws to rehearse,  
Till He all doubts disperse :

To Him, my soul He drew,  
And I have proved Him *true*  
Thro' fleeting years, and *now* !  
More like to Him I'd grow :

## FEAR NOT MAN !

THE soul that's firmly fixed, no rare abuse can  
shake,

Not all the artifice of vast worlds combined  
With its potent agencies e'er shall make it  
yield !

For He who stands between, within no space  
confined

(Whose touch is as a sun-ray to guide with even  
light)

Is greater than them all ; can search remotest  
bound :

A secret light behind, all powerful to direct

Doth radiate everywhere the mighty to  
confound,

Whose effervescent beams *the densest clouds can  
pierce.*

Not all the weapons keen, designed by worldly  
wise

The firm battlements of heaven e'er can shake

Or, e'er daunt the soul who cometh *in His  
guise.*

Earthbound souls are all too much absorbed with  
space

To scan the truth, or list to mournful broken  
reeds,

Who ne'er hath sorrowed deep, hath tuned no  
sacred lyre,

Who never climbed the upland heights to  
where bright glory leads,

Can ne'er conceive the beauties hidden there

Till borne on seraph's wings to yonder Infinite  
From desert lone and drear, thro' sorrow's cleans-  
ing fires,

Whose plaintive songs did pierce the radiant  
orbs of light.

But, firmly fixed on Christ alone, by faith we  
lean,

Amid His light, not all the schemes that men  
devise

E'er daunt the eager souls who've once His glory  
seen !

Who, in His pure charming *Presence e'er hath been.*

## GRACE SUFFICIENT.

'Twas He that bore ! not I !  
The second Triune One :  
On Him the grief was laid  
Of God most High the Son.

The flesh could ne'er have borne  
In its frail natural state ;  
But grace abounding free ;  
*Sure*, seals my future fate.

It hath an easy tender charm,  
Which lures a longing soul !  
By this we know 'tis He—  
And wait His righteous call.

Perfect love to fear forbids :  
And this is why He bears :  
Love needeth no *unwilling* slaves  
*Glad*, in His statutes shares !

Till Father, Son, and Spirit too,  
Quickened by the Unity  
With thrice safeguarded strength  
Unites in One the three.

They've not felt the Spirit's power,  
Who arguing 'mid the strife,  
Believe not in the Trinity  
Which quickeneth into life.

Clearing all doubtful obstacles ;  
While making plain the path,  
That he who seeks may *prove*  
And add to aught he hath !



**He looked so Sad !****HE LOOKED SO SAD !**

WHAT aileth him, he looked so sad ?  
    May be that he is sore distress'd,  
    Whom you oppress'd !  
And should haste to make him glad !

What caused that troubled look uppent  
    While your frowns his heart-chords breaks ?  
    Whose life's at stake ?  
So few on charity are bent !

What caused that tremor thro' his frame  
    A sight of which was magnified  
    Extensive wide  
By those who should him *gently* blame ?

Who, him judged, where *naught was proved* ?  
    And heeded not his visage, *worn* !  
    Whose heart was shorn !  
And gazed emotionless, *unmoved* !

What caused the tears to flow *unbid*  
    Which to their fount would not retreat ?  
    But *scorned* to meet  
Contumely's eye, ingenious hid :

## He looked so Sad !

41

That look of shyness that you saw  
About his mien as near you drew  
And *bias grew*,  
Unwittingly you deemed a flaw.

That look of pain you misconstrue  
When you with tender words should soothe,  
His pathway smooth ;  
While meek remorse your soul imbue !

## HARP-STRINGS.

HARMONIOUS lines of poetry are harp-strings.  
Ton'd by the softer wave of gentle seraph's  
wings  
Responsive notes reverberate a sweet and tender  
song,  
Touch'd not by unskill'd hands of unharmonious  
throng  
Vibrative melodies awake concordant touch,  
In them creating harmony, who never heard of  
such,  
*Soul* music ! which sounds shall penetrate and  
find ;  
Stamping it with seal that eternity shall bind :  
E'en angels never heard such awe-inspiring  
sound !  
(Since contrast never knew, ne'er to earth were  
bound),  
Attracteth but the ears that are in *consonance*  
*sole*  
Quivering on the harp-cords as magnet to the  
pole,  
'Tis this which wakes the notes of sacred lyre  
E'en while we're passing thro' the cleansing  
fire

It lifts above the raging flames, and courage lends  
To trace the desert's winding ways and hidden  
fens.

Blest *soul* music ! tuning its own *heart's* frain,  
Notes unbroken, which trembling echo back  
again !

## HE GAVE THE SHREDS.

HE gave me the rough-hewn shreds  
To carve and mould for Him,  
Then lent of His gems to mingle  
And present in a comely trim.

Since on Him dependent I am,  
And daily for more gems pray,  
He exhorts me to patiently wait,  
Nor aught of His counsels gainsay.

Of treasures He'll issue in time,  
And lend of His wisdom vast,  
Nor question I, why He withholds  
The gems for Him I'd cast.

Well knowing that He knoweth best !  
I follow His precepts pure ;  
Listening for His gracious commands ;  
And own His knowledge mature.

He excelleth in wisdom, *vast* ;  
So I bend to His limitless strength,  
Seeing Him a *Conqueror true*  
And own Him victorious at length.

HIS LAWS ARE SHINING LIGHTS !

WHAT emblematic power possess'd  
The man who first did write  
Of heaven's blest Deity, and did  
Such marvellous truths indite ?

Jehovah call'd, who, He foreknew !  
From first of Adam's race,  
*Light, blossom'd*, 'mid the soil  
Of culture, love, and grace.

No other buds of promise shed  
Such brilliance o'er the main :  
From age to age its light  
Exhaustless shall remain.

It scarce can be a wonder  
That, it myriads do entice !  
To grasp so firm a hold  
Since, its worth you cannot price.

His laws shine forth so clear,  
With *purity* and *truth* !  
So, expounds the secret why  
His statutes stand, forsooth !

## HE GIVETH REST.

GOD knoweth that we're weary  
Amid the daily strife,  
And dealeth His sympathy ;  
Brightening our daily life.

He knows what's best for all,  
And we have proved Him true  
In sorrow and in joy ;  
And nought from Him eschew.

So grateful take the rest  
He knoweth that we need ;  
In Him we'll glad repose  
Where gently He doth lead.

Full well, He knows we fain  
Would echo all His praise  
Within His Temple High  
His glorious theme *upraise*.

He is too good and great  
Too wise to *err*, and kind,  
All nature this asserts  
And all who seek shall find.

## **He giveth Rest**

47

Who come to Him for aid  
A willing help will find,  
Who bring a wounded heart  
His love shall gently bind.



## 48 He would Have the Whole Heart !

### HE WOULD HAVE THE WHOLE HEART !

LISTEN ! child, 'tis thy heart *undivided*, or  
none :

Thy great Creator now desireth of thee  
That thou should'st be unwavering and staid  
Alone, undivided, His precepts to see.

So, thou may'st straightway, thy course steer  
along :

How would a vessel fare, drifted averse  
ways ?

Tossed hither and thither in helpless distress

Out on the bleak ocean's merciless waves.

Would he at the helm thy plaintive cry heed ?

Oh, no ! help undivided eager hands must  
show,

No half-hearted help rendered would now *ought*  
*avail*

Should imminent obstruction the true course  
impede,

Drifting averse ways would be *calamitous* so :

Divisions incapacitate the Captain to hail,

No time has he now for discussion of plans :

All ; afore ! must be of united mind to steer,

Each one a volunteer with willing hands,

All, all ! must now forward, the way ahead  
clear.

## He would Have the Whole Heart ! 49

Again ! requested to accept, love, only in part,

What thinkest thou a true suitor would say  
For a half heart, in return for a whole :

Should his spouse condescend to behave in  
this way :

So, he, above all earth's friendship and love

Would now have *all* thy *willing heart*, or  
*none* ;

Thy undivided love surrender'd ; *now* !

So, His whole heart with thine unite in one.

## HEMM'D IN.

My bark seems toss'd about !  
I see not where to steer,  
Amid life's ocean vast  
Nought to mine eyes are clear.

I'm hemm'd at bay, 'mid tide.  
As waves dash past ashore  
And back with force recede  
Find no *safe ground to moor.*

Still, I hear a soft voice call  
Which drowns in melody the waves  
Bidding me onward press  
E'en tho' the rapid raves.

Tho' short-comings weigh me down  
That scarce to plead I dare  
I *know* 'tis safe to trust  
My soul unto God's care.

Then fear not, O my soul,  
Tho' waves roll high and spread,  
Thy Captain asks thy confidence  
He'll do *all* He hath said !

And when He hems me in  
    'Tis but that He can see  
The danger signals round  
    Not *clear discerned* by *me*.

So rest within thy bark  
    Close by Him at the helm :  
Oh ! trust Him, with thy soul !  
    No waves shall e'er o'erwhelm.

## HIDDEN SORROWS.

(YE DID IT ALL FOR ME !)

THERE are many *hidden* sorrows !  
Which, were they rightly known,  
Demand our highest sympathies,  
Would smother many a frown.  
Useless, ban, are needs supplied ;  
And most charities are nought  
Where true sympathies are void  
True cause which are not sought.  
Vast numbers sad and weary  
Amid the toiling throng  
Deserving some *worthier* fate  
Are held in bondage long.  
Help applied, some labour needs :  
Trust not, all labour paid,  
But, the mission you yourself  
Perform, when cause is laid,  
Genuine gifts being right applied  
Claim a twofold interest too :  
Since, reflected joys thro' each,  
Full confidence renew.  
Not all participate  
In full fruition's trust ;  
You must discriminate

With wise discretion, just ;  
 So, to adjust things right  
     Some virtuous efforts must attend  
 To crown with *good success*  
     Would you all right defend.  
 Who hath strength ungrudging lend  
     To probe the *silent* throng :  
 The quintessence of your being  
     With pure intent and strong.  
 So shall pure joys abound :  
     A full reward shall see  
 When the Master's voice exclaims  
     Ye did this all for me.  
 Since, the double influence attains  
     In pure practice well applied,  
 'Tis worth some effort to possess  
     Such worthy axioms, *heedful tried* !

## HIS SERVICE IS PLEASANT.

HE lured me, and I followed,  
I nothing less could do ;  
He spake so tender kind  
I could not Him *eschew* !

And I am glad of this,  
That He so gently drew,  
For in His service I  
Find pleasures pure, and new.

I am not safe to walk  
Without His aid to lead,  
Lest I should go astray :  
With none to gently plead.

When I was frail He drew,  
In my dependent state,  
That I might solely rest,  
To learn His laws innate.

What wisdom thus to me entice  
Since, by pleasance He incite,  
I'm willing drawn to Him  
Who wields a special right !

## HAIL HIM JOYFULLY.

JOIN, all beneath terrestrial ball  
To hail Christ joyfully ;  
Who saves you by His matchless grace  
If on Him you *rely* :

Join, to spread His works of love  
Amid a ruined world  
And zealous so His works succeed  
His banner neath unfurled.

Beneath His eminence supreme  
You ne'er astray can go,  
When Him you faithful estimate,  
As all His favours show !



## HIDDEN MYSTERY.

NOT, till the mystic veil was drawn  
In heaven's bright effulgent dawn,  
Could men the wondrous Mystery tell  
Which quell'd the imperial hosts of hell,  
No mortal! 'fore, God's subtle mysteries knew,  
Till He aside the *veil withdrew* :  
Nor iron pen did e'er *sincerely* write  
Such beauteous truths He did indite,  
'Mid lustrous glory of the shine  
Within the *inner temple's shrine*,  
'Twas *here* the gentle Lamb was slain  
As poured the *life-blood* thro' each vein  
When He that sacred night passed o'er  
Where, sprinkled were, the post and door ;  
As from the higher Court's arraignment  
He pled the *Father's cause*, in *pain* :  
The mortal pangs which He endured  
And life laid down, heaven's gift secured  
In emblematic sacrifice  
That did for carnal sin suffice :  
Shedding a halo round the throne  
Which with His royal glories shone  
Where all His lineage glad combine  
So, there, reflect His rays divine.

It matters not He should rise again  
Or, to doubting *unbelievers* He prove,  
So, supreme in the *soul* He reign !  
And imbue with His passionate love.

.

## I DESIRE TO BE WARY.

OH ! Master ! make me *wary* !  
So *sin* gain no dominion  
O'er my unstable soul,  
Bear me on Thy pinion  
Away from sin and strife.  
Ever, trustful leaning  
On Thy composed breast,  
Only of Thee dreaming  
How I best could *serve* !  
Naught besides esteeming  
*Only*, more *worthy* seeming !

Lead Thou Thy wavering child,  
O'er life's most *hidden* track,  
And should I deviate,  
Draw Thou me gently back,  
Thy precepts *more* to *learn* !  
Within Thy house to dwell  
By blest allegiance won :  
Where each Thy splendour tell  
Of sovereign blessedness,  
As did olden saints foretell,  
Who *loved* Thee ! Master, *well* !

## **I Desire to be Wary**

59

So wary may I be  
    No place unguarded lie !  
Thy battlements so strong  
    All enemies defy !  
And strenuous efforts aid  
    A conqueror shall see.  
By Thy most potent might  
    My soul absolved shall be,  
For Thou hast promised this  
    By Thy astute decree  
    In which Thy laws agree.

## I'll Mingle Them All

## I'LL MINGLE THEM ALL.

I'LL nought e'er suppress of simplicity,  
Mingling all, for the Master's pleasure,  
As the craftsman tiny gems intermingle  
So that they lose nought of their treasure,  
I'll weave them, *just as He bids me* ;  
And plead for His safe guiding hand  
To blend each ingredient with care  
That it may an unbiased test stand :  
Blending the compound as He will  
That the *whole* may be passing fair ;  
Set with tiniest shreds to in-fill  
That each of the fragments may share.

So, some artless, pure truths might embrace  
'Tis requisite to *becomingly* interlace,  
So I'll mingle the shreds through all  
Arraying them in vestments of truth :  
To present it in a *comely whole* ;  
Rendering it all successful, forsooth !

## INTRUSIVE VOICES.

How oft do we list to rude voices,  
    'Tho' fain we'd their intrusiveness shun,  
Their baneful influence we'd banish  
    In the vast wide sea of oblivion.

How came they to *be so intrusive* ?  
    Must be some hidden sin, cherish'd there !  
Which was foster'd, and fasten'd firm hold ;  
    Contending, there, supremacy to share.

E'en tho' the sad sequences be waived  
    In praiseworthy acts effaced their vision,  
'Twere well had they *never* been *harbour'd*  
    Should ne'er have been held in derision.

Tender no room for an onset,  
    Lest it weary you past all recall  
Go swift their attacks to besiege  
    E'er watchful from *first* to forestall.

They're only fiend voices to delude you,  
    Who'd have you despair of your trust,  
Go meet their importunities *armed*  
    And rob them of claims so unjust.

## Is this the Christ?

## IS THIS THE CHRIST?

Is this the *Christ*? said one!  
Who showed her all the *truth*?  
Who naught did hide from her?  
She *proved* 'twas *He*, forsooth!

And oft she'd sought for One  
To whom she could unfold  
All the sorrows of her soul  
*Now, none* would she withhold!

Found in Him a *living* source!  
And *there* would wait until  
The fountain of His love  
Her thirsty soul did fill.

Kind, and seemly was the welcome;  
*Now*, she had come in *touch*!  
His love was pure, and free:  
Ne'er 'fore she'd witnessed *such*!

And now glad tears paced down:  
For, since He told her *all*  
She *knew* she could depend  
On His strong *arm* to fall.

None, so plain had told her,  
 Or did so gracious lead ;  
 Can you amazement conceive,  
 Which caused her heart to bleed ?

None, so *true* had judged her,  
 And yet withal, so kind :  
 That oped a wound within  
 Which He did gently bind.

Intuitively she *knew* by *this*  
 He was the Christ, *indeed*  
 She bowed, and worshipped Him,  
 And trusted Him : to lead.

And now her *heart* she oped  
 And bade Him enter in,  
 He was a charming guest  
 Her erst void soul within.

She could not comprehend  
 Why He should speak so *plain*,  
 And ne'er met one before  
 Who could so *clear* explain.

She *came* to draw *pure* water  
 There ! *living* water drew !  
 Her soul was brimming o'er  
 With love as soft as dew.



**Is this the Christ?**

The fount had long been sealed  
Tho' she with thirst was sear'd  
*Now*, full supply she drew,  
Supped oft, and banquet shared.

*He* was the Christ she *loved* !  
And oft with Him she pled  
In sacred intercourse  
And strove His paths to tread.

He was the *Christ* of *God* !  
" Who came to save her *soul*,"  
With gracious tenderness  
He soothed, and cancell'd all.

I'D RECLINE ON THEE !

ON Thee, O Lord ! I would recline !  
I'd lay my armour down,  
As in Thy efficacious strength  
I press towards the crown.

Since I am weary of earth's fight  
And *fain would yield my will,*  
My humble soul to empty out  
So Thou *with grace might'st fill.*

I'd swift obey, and serve Thee, Lord,  
And glad in Thee delight ;  
'Tis so sweet to be submissive  
To one who sways such might.

Whose gentle touch and dove like Voice,  
Sublime and comely mien,  
The denser darkness sweetly charms  
And winding ways between.

*None of earth so pure and just*  
On whom my soul reclined,  
*So perfect in each attribute !*  
Or e'er so virtuous kind.

E

## I WILL TRUST.

O SAVIOUR ! I will trust Thee !  
Thou art a worthy friend ;  
Who ne'er misleads Thine own  
Who full on Thee depend !

Sure, no other friend did e'er  
So closely stand to guide  
And guard intricate ways  
In whom I could confide !

I'll consecrate my previous vows ;  
To rest in Thee secure,  
Thy precepts cultivate until  
Thou dost my soul inure.

Yes, I will trust Thee solely  
At the *close*, and *now* :  
Trust Thee when the death-dews  
Rest *cold* upon my *brow*.

For Thou hast been a shield,  
A tower of safe defence ;  
I'll trust my life to Thee  
Till Thou remove me hence.

## I Will Trust

67

On margin, where alone I wait,  
Thou wilt my strength renew :  
*Then*, I'll trust Thy powerful arm  
To guide me safely thro' !

## KIND WORDS.

KIND deeds render'd amid earth's cares,  
Add golden links to the chain of years.  
Each *true virtue* shall shine thro' space  
As sparkling gems in a dim-lit place.

A kind word spoken the weary soul cheers,  
As Æolian music falls soft on the ears  
Or sunshine o'er nature sweet flowers ope,  
So sunbeams of love inspire with bright hope.

As dews soften leaves that are sear'd,  
So bright smiles of amity in *unison* shared ;  
Waketh *harmony*, tuning the unstrung lyre  
And upward mount with warm and pure desire.

Gentle words whisper'd to the heart that's sore  
Awaken hopes, and a healing balm pour  
Which, soothing influence penetrates the soul,  
Permeating with its healthfulness the whole.

## LITTLE EIGHT EYES.

(A MORALIST.)

SKILFUL little eight eyes, how intensely clever is  
he !

No Blondin e'er performed on trapeze, or  
rope

Expertly as he traverses his lattice-work web,  
Persevering with determinate hope :

Artistically weaving his fine silken cords,

Executing his labours so accurately nice :

Securely, the meshes he fastens neat around

End to end his territory in a trice,

He's a deft, alert little craftsman quite,

Architect too, and manufacturer, skill'd ;

So clever is he, no counsel he needs ;

Soon, he'll have his nice reception room fill'd

With the unwary guests he so wily ensnares :

He weaves his own cords so exquisitely fine

Runs communication lines with such dexterous  
speed

It surely must be electric line !

Else, how could he suspend in mid air ?

Truth, all his lines must be electric, sure,

Or he never such feats could perform

His unwary guests so cleverly to allure.

Still, despite his neat ingenious stratagems

We might learn ! when his devices are planned,  
Unwavering, he persevereth to the end,

With determinate courage to his purpose he'll  
stand.

## LIFE'S SPAN.

SHORT is the span of years,  
 Wherein to accomplish so much :  
 Few are the influences *laid*,  
 With *reality* to come in touch !

To tell of the infinite life  
 Where sorrow and toil's unknown,  
 And nations in peace unite  
 Where *strife* shall ne'er be sown.

Brief, to climb supernal heights :  
 To a life beyond this sphere  
 Which, if its worth you esteem  
 Must be cultivated *here*.

The time, which is fleeting fast,  
 Shall gather each, one by one !  
 Tidings, none shall remain to tell  
 At the close of setting sun.

Many dear people there assembled,  
 Passed, *swift* ! As way I wend :  
*I too* ! am nearing that stage  
 And soon must tremblingly bend.



**Life's Span**

Pray ! I be *ready* for call,  
    Soon, soon ! I must render *account* !  
Oh ! strengthen my bonds, to ascend !  
    As the ultimate heights I mount.

## MELODY.

THERE's melody in music's lore,  
 To waft my spirit home.  
 Peace, the tranquil gods among  
 Found not, when I roam.

Its blest reciprocation,  
 The soul doth satisfy ;  
 Ofttimes, touch a tender cord  
 To draw God's presence nigh.

'Tis well to ponder this !  
 Just to practice music's lore,  
 Tune *silent* notes *unheard* before,  
 Extending wide His *service* more !

Bland notes 'neath the surface :  
 Vibrating sweet and *true* !  
 Melting the air with song  
 To spread His statutes thro' !

Leaving an impress, *sure* :  
 To stamp His image there.  
 Who magnify this worthy theme  
 Shall His loftier music share !

## MY IDEAL.

WHAT, dear Lord, is my destined ideal ?  
Wherein I shall find restful repose,  
Solid satisfaction for my soul  
Amid the earth's tempestuous throes ?

In naught is found tranquil serene,  
*Save in Thee* : wherein *each* may confide ;  
Where all times we may surely find  
*Safe anchorage*, in Thy *riven side*.

In what should my ideal consist ?  
But a life of activity and praise ?  
Content, if at Thy gracious bidding  
Some beneficent tribute to raise.

*Some* I pray may cherish the theme,  
Since I'm so all helplessly low ;  
Fain would I Thy pure statutes declare !  
To Thy worthy omnipotence bow.

'Tis *sweet* in Thy pure *service to wait*  
Where peace rules triumphant each hour,  
Who bow to Thy ubiquitous sway  
Thou'lt be to them a mighty tower.

MINE EYES SHALL SEE HIS BEAUTY, IN  
LIGHT !

*There !* mine eyes His beauty shall behold !  
Tho', *waiting now*, I stand afar,  
While gazing o'er the mountain I  
In distance see His radiant star.

Like star which shone o'er sires of old  
While journeying o'er the trackless way,  
When seeking they the beauteous Babe  
E'er since which held such powerful sway.

Yes ! Mine eyes *in light shall Him behold !*  
While borrowing from reflected gleams  
I see the glorious smiles of Him  
Whose face with lustrous radiance beams.

But how shall I *my praise convey*  
When I all *spotless* Him behold ?  
I feel so *sure* I ne'er shall tire  
To *laud* His matchless *love untold !*

For ever, and for *ever* with Him  
I'd praise and dwell within His sight,  
And with ten thousand *blood-bought* saints  
I'd praise Him *always*, there ! in light.

76     **Mine Eyes shall see His Beauty**

But, oh ! I think *amazed* I'd be,  
Finding how dim mine eyes had been  
While groping round so heedless, not  
To've *long before His splendours seen.*

## MYSTERY.

OFTTIMES, 'mid mystery bound  
I'm fill'd with great surprise,  
When I am weak and lowly  
He comes to me uprise.

Oft when I least expect  
He comes to my defence,  
And if I wished, I could  
Not, draw His arms from thence.

As clinging ivy girds about  
Its tendrils firm and sure.  
If but you foster it  
It clingeth more and more.

This may be the secret why  
He girds His arms around,  
That we may thus attracted be,  
So, to be His debtors, bound.

Glad I will His debtor be !  
Tho' fill'd with mystery oft,  
To dwell His blessed presence in  
And learn His oral music soft.

## NEED FOR PRAISE !

I'VE need to praise my gracious Lord each day  
That my way was not exempt from cares,  
For I would not so oft have watchful been  
While treading o'er the dangerous wayside  
snares.

You cannot safely pace this devious winding  
way  
Without a guide to lead you o'er the track,  
At almost every turning point you're met  
By snares, where some rude form repels you  
back.

And unharmonious sounds persistingly proceed  
So oft it makes the onward passage slow,  
Till *He*, our able *guide* unwind the tangled  
maze  
One step forward we, safely, may not go.

But e'en in this, He has some wise design,  
Since, if we ne'er this varied contrast know,  
No sympathies the dormant soul would wake ;  
Could ne'er with zeal enjoy the new experience,  
so.

So, we learn in whom most meet to trust

E'en tho' He leadeth o'er untrodden ways ;

We know Him strong and competent to guide :

We'll trust Him too ! thro' all our future days !



## 80 No Acceptable Service I Bring!

### NO ACCEPTABLE SERVICE I BRING !

How oft I've prayed I might render  
Some service to my King,  
But heart, and head, and hands are weary,  
No acceptable service I bring.

Since no amenable favour's returned  
Quick speed the time at length ;  
That in His Courts I meet work find,  
Commensurate with my strength.

Within the precincts of His House,  
Sweet peace flows *tranquil, pure,*  
Like crystal streams all purified ;  
Unmolested, flows, and sure.

I *fain* would in those statutes rest,  
My soul hath long desired  
With high and purposeful intent,  
But now, I'm sad, and tired !

I've longed earth's shackles to lay by  
Some *worthy sacrifice to bring,*  
There, to join the blest choir above  
In obedience to my King.

## No Acceptable Service I Bring 81

I *fain* His sacred ways would tread,  
Lead wheresoe'er it will ;  
To praise Him, whom my heart adores,  
My vanquished triumph till.

His consecrative bond, enrolled,  
My treasured gift, I'll bring :  
To *learn* within His Courts on High  
The sweet praise of my King.

## NOT FOR PRAISE !

Not for creature praise, would I  
My small mite contribute,  
Suffice, within God's treasure house  
Be stored my humble tribute.

He judgeth not our efforts, small !  
Who comprehends the reason why ;  
Accepts what cheerful we bestow,  
While men ungratefully pass it by.

Not heedless of some other calls !  
He waits, with calm submissive grace !  
Imputes no motives for His aim !  
In *Him*, no meanly act we trace.

## NO FLOWERS.

PLACE no sweet flowers above my tomb,  
That withereth in sun and shower ;  
Too beautiful to droop are they  
'Mid their first primeval splendour :

So *much* they'd charm some lonely souls !  
Who such luxuriance rare beholds !  
Think, what to them such fragrance means  
Could they but grasp within their holds.

Some soaring dove's wings best would suit  
My aerial passage from the dust  
To mount above the mouldering clay  
And claim at length my joyful trust.

## OPENING DAWN.

ANOTHER bright morn opes to view !  
Out of lone darkness safely brought,  
Another day's duties to renew,  
And quicken our intelligent thought.

Sweet sleep is an emblem of death !  
Know not if we ever shall wake !  
God holdeth our life in a *breath*  
Could, day or night, render, or take !

Sleep on ! If thou sleepest well !  
Amidst no *alarms* take thy rest  
Till roused by heav'n's music to swell  
The rich songs of spirits *there* blest.

ONE SWEET THING !

SHE pined for one sweet thing,  
Which none could understand :  
It sank beneath the waves,  
And was lost in shifting sand.

And none could e'er disclose  
The crushing of that pang,  
Its o'erwhelming contest  
As her tender heart was wrang.

Oh, who shall tell the secret !  
As it sank for evermore,  
Or the agonies that rose,  
And died upon the shore ?

High heaven knew the cost,  
And did above record,  
To grant a recompense  
That shall be in heaven restored.

And He who rode the waves  
Saw from the distance far,  
And threw His anchor line  
'Mid light of His guiding star.

## OPPRESSION.

'Tis oppression robs of strength,  
The life blood saps, and all the vital powers at  
length,

*This*, which steals the radiant smile from out  
the sweetest face,  
Once beaming animate with sparkling smiles of  
joy

*Now*, deeply sear'd and marr'd where burning  
tears down furrows pace

And bleak time, life destroy !

'Tis this which stays the kiss  
And kindly words of cheer that friendship oft do  
miss,

'Tis hardship sets the rules at the oppressor's  
hand,  
With naught to modify of earth's creative  
good ;

And justice waits on no loyal friend, to under-  
stand,

Or render aid as should.

*Tender words* pour soothing balm,  
To move and onward press, and sheds a quiet  
calm ;

Tho', why should men *imperfect* crave, what  
was our Lord denied ?  
Whose grace and comeliness all men of earth  
outshone,  
Tho' perfect, condescending low, with highest  
Godhead vied ;  
" His visage, marred ! as none ! "

Oppression's past surmise !  
Still, 'twere a *mean* ; we had not counted in this  
wise,  
Saw not disposer of events behind the veil'd  
partition sat  
To mould the clay and fit the vessel as He wills  
With 'plete design of plan to carve and shape  
each fate  
Till He the perfect vessel fills.

Guerdons, *sure*, in this, is there !  
Thank Him ! who sendeth cloud, and shine, and  
all things fair,  
Praise Him thro' the altar fires wherein He  
fines the gold  
From dross to emerge all purified to await the  
final test  
When in the *furnace tried*, and cast to perfect  
mould  
All in finish'd beauty best.



## ONE MORE DAY.

ONE more precious day, dear Saviour,  
Thou hast granted me,  
To prove Thy loving kindness !  
My helpless need of Thee !

One more day to render praise,  
For constant care bestow'd !  
Since Thou my way hast clear'd  
With light my path hath glowed.

One more cross to higher lift  
Where Thou bidd'st burdens lay,  
To raise our eyes to Thee,  
Our life, our strength, mainstay.

To gaze, and live in Thee,  
And see Thy statutes writ  
In figures of fined gold  
With bright effulgence lit.

Another day to consecrate !  
And worthier praise to sing,  
All future days to sanctify  
And higher offerings bring.

## One More Day

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To look beyond life's space,  
And see reflected there  
Thy radiant beams of light,  
Knowing that we may share.

'Tis enough to ravish all  
With transports of delight,  
Who've half Thy beauty seen,  
And proved Thy valiant might.

## PASSING.

OFF ! as the dying sparks have passed,  
Heaven's light and beauty blest revealed,  
Shone in the tranquil countenance  
Ere yet the quivering lips were sealed !

The watchers catch the inspiring flash  
Bending with sacred reverence o'er ;  
As light, reflected from heaven's rays  
Sheds bright radiance more and more.

And seraphs herald forth the news,  
Of another saint's reception there !  
While myriads call a welcome home  
Where praise shall endless glory share.

## REFLECTION.

MUSING deep with steady thought on all the  
mystery round,

How conscious of the pure and Holy presence  
we !

Since we ne'er can hide from His all-scanning  
eyes,

Who safely sets His guards secure we may not  
flee :

Hedging round the paths, in by-ways round about  
Lest we should wander heedless from central  
point of goal ;

What wisdom e'er was shown so matchless as His  
own ?

Did ever one before yield life to make men  
whole

That, by sacrifice He may revivify the  
soul ?

'Tis small wonder for reproach at our deficiency,  
When His complete perfection is measured by  
our own,

We well may stand amazed in sacred wonderment  
When we behold the suffering patience He hath  
shown !

All for love of mortals, nought have done for Him !  
Or for His *own* sake, His virtuous favours claim,  
Nor seek till some perverse occasion doth arise,  
Touch'd with some remorse, our souls are filled  
with shame  
Contemplating His free love who for us  
from glory came.

'Tis meet we should regret ingratitude we've  
shown  
To One who all supreme, so freely rendered life :  
To ope men's misty eyes to tread the narrow  
track  
'Mid enclosure of the by-path where reign no  
sordid strife,  
And safe from snares and wilds, where no intruders  
come,  
Who holds the sweeping winds and wieldeth  
them at will,  
Sure's a trusty guide to lead and keep His own ?  
Who owns the Universe, and bids the billows  
still :  
Guards who trust in Him : His day of  
grace until.

SLED THY PENETRATIVE LIGHT.

O SAVIOUR ! deign to shed Thy soft vivifying  
light

Athwart the main, to penetrate  
Where hitherto no radiant beam hath ever shone  
Thy laws to *learn*, or contemplate.

Bind Thou in one united whole the brotherhood  
In firmer bonds of unity ;  
That strength be blended with Thy pure shining  
laws,  
To sanctify the sacred tie :

O let Thy searching truths be scattered far abroad ;  
Each taking part in commune wide  
Till all the earth unite in genial sympathy,  
And in Thy perfect laws confide.

Where all agree in one glad loyal interchange  
Thy lustrous statutes spread amain,  
Till all the earth be swathed in grace's comely  
garb :  
Where perfect purity shall reign.

## SONNET.

YON stars that gild the dome at night  
Like sparkling eyes of shining light,  
Come speak, and tell what wondrous things  
You've seen behind the ethereal scenes ?  
Come tell us of the shining seraphs  
(High minstrels who soft melodies waft)  
You scan there with your sparkling eyes ?  
Up where sweet songs immortal rise !  
Tell harmonious occupations there  
Of those who celestial triumphs share  
Far, far 'yond clouds of azure blue ;  
Tell what your orbs of light there view.  
Could *we* gaze thro' your eyes of light  
Sure, there we'd view *rare* splendours bright !

### SUMMER DAYS.

THE summer days are close at hand  
To cheer and gladden all the earth,  
The glorious sun is shining bright,  
Nature abounds in gladsome mirth :  
All creation acknowledge its worth.

The glistening of the noontide sun  
Lendeth a lustre all its own ;  
Cheering the weary labourer  
When he rests awhile at noon,  
Rest, which vanishes all too soon.

The traveller too from heat might rest  
Within some quiet shady nook,  
And watch the shimmering glory  
While he his restful leisure took  
And his well-earned meal partook.

The radiance of the noonday sun  
All creation alike, now warm,  
Sweet flowers expand their petals wide  
Full displaying their lovely charm  
Where naught intrudeth to alarm.



All animate life now beams with joy,  
Quiet peace reigning full and supreme ;  
All the air's aglow with harmony  
'Neath rays of noon's glorious sunbeam,  
All around in unison seem.

The stately trees their tresses bend low  
While responding to nature's mien,  
Stoop as tho' kissing the fragrant flowers  
In their beautiful lustrous sheen,  
Rendering all a picturesque scene.

Nature excelleth all science of men,  
All things graceful in store she keeps,  
Enhancing the summer's exhibit of art  
From wealthy forest to willow which weeps  
All creation to its influence leaps.

## SUN AND FLOWERS.

OH ! how should we fare without sun or flowers ?  
What find you else playing such regnant part ?  
Coming thro' April's tears, sweet dowers for  
winter's toils :

Hailing shouts of welcome from the delighted  
mart,  
Haste to gather ! aglow with freshness, 'tween  
the showers

All swathed in splendour, pure and bright,  
and sweet,  
Peeping thro' the rude soil, primevally so *sure* :  
Rich, fragrant odours pouring o'er whosoe'er  
doth meet,

To salute again the glad returning festival,  
Crowning preceding years with expectation's  
wish

Bright sun and flowers may ever bloom and shine :  
And nature ne'er *forgets* these bounteous gifts  
to lavish.

*No sun to cheer* ! earth would a monotone prove,  
Woods, lanes, and vales, all filled with sorrow-  
ful gloom :

And no ripe fruits to grace a sumptuous fare ;  
Sunshine 'mid dew lays on the tempting  
luscious bloom.

No *flowers* ! gay festivities would lose their  
freshest charms,  
Their absence in the garden, glen, or spacious  
field  
Bees would disappoint ! no honey could they  
make,  
For love of their advance could no produce  
yield,  
None to deck the regal courts, or marriage feast,  
Children in their walks no posies sweet could  
find,  
May-day maidens would be minus of their joy  
'Twining pretty garlands their graceful poles  
to bind.  
Oh ! *flowers are charming* ! sunbeams sparkling  
gems of laughter !  
Shining o'er the tree tops warm to roots below :  
We'll away with gloom when the *sun rises* high !  
Its lustre blindeth care, so, no grim traces show,  
When the bright flowers awake from their winter  
dreams  
All richly bespangled with the *sun's* radiant beams.  
And, we'll the *Giver* praise for such bountiful joy,  
Lauding Him with reverence, without base alloy !

## SUNBEAMS AND SMILES.

SUNBEAMS on the raindrops  
Paints shades of circling *bows* :  
Smiling little children  
Subdues the *tears* that flows :

Shining gems that glistens  
When the rain pours down,  
Help to make the rainbow  
In sky it arches round.

All the good things lent,  
In earth, or sky above,  
Sparkles 'neath the sunlight  
And sunny smiles of love !

All the lustrous gem drops  
Gathering lights and shade  
Forms the circling arch  
Above the light cascade.

So cultivate some *smiles*  
Around the heart to bind,  
They'll cheer with genial brightness  
As cloud that's silver lined.

**Sunbeams and Smiles**

That quick dispels the gloom  
Above the dreary horizon,  
As breaks in splendour o'er  
The earth, the radiant sun.

## SLED THY LIGHT !

COME, gentle spirit ! breathe Thy soft light o'er !  
Thy mild eyes beaming on a restless world  
A greater influence sheds than sordid gold,  
Costly jewels, or *varied gifts* to sight unfurl'd.

Thy seemly sway sheds light athwart the main  
Transcendently, to highest summit, where  
Who *willing* Thee uplift, shall know Thee *more* :  
Who *learn* of Thee triumphant glory share !

Worthier mission doth reward who fix their eyes  
On Thy fair gentle mien. And blest content  
Doth satisfy, who truly long for Thee,  
And singly are on Thy sweet mandates bent !

## SONNET.

UNTIL the glorious dawn shall rise,  
And fiat call from yonder skies ;  
Dumb ! silent there beneath the sward  
No sound could touch the hidden chord  
Its *own* responsive *notes* to 'wake,  
Till He the great Musician spake  
Whose perfect chords the music drew,  
Vibrative notes that echoed *true* :  
Melodious sounds which woke the dead  
Whilst *He* in *tune* the minstrels led,  
And seraphs caught the subtler strains,  
Echoing their sublime refrains  
They welcome home the brethren gone,  
While their transient absence we bemoan.

## SUNSHINE AND CLOUDS.

THE clouds which traverse o'er their course,  
With sweeping pace, on dark weird wings,  
As silver margins break above the horizon  
To open view their lustrous radiance brings  
A fresh delight to animate the earth,  
And all creation with gladness sings.

The fitful orient shading breaks and spreads  
In motley splendour 'fore our dazzled sight,  
While grappling with the darkness that surrounds.  
As rolling swiftly past with frenzied might  
Some transient passing vista opes to view  
'Mid shimmering folds of lining bright.

So, sighing souls, at intervals between,  
Hath changeful spells of brightness, timely nigh,  
As cherished some bright inward thoughts  
Which 'neath the heart's pure surface lie  
Inanimate ! Till some fair spirit intervenes :  
Scattering the shadows which harbour'd the  
sigh !



**THERE ARE MANY LONELY !**

How many worthy *lonely* souls around  
     Who needeth *sympathy* !  
 And God who doth the lonely guard  
     Will ope dull eyes to see

Perchance, to minister to whom  
     Some misty cloud might clear  
 And win for you a gem-set crown  
     Who save a falling tear !

And all who strive to understand :  
     Their inward souls shall move  
 With love and cordial fellowship :  
     And this great truth shall prove.

The tender chords of sympathy  
     Shall vibrate and return  
 With sweet responsive melody ;  
     Whose souls for *others* yearn !

## Thou gavest what seemed Suitable 105

### THOU GAVEST WHAT SEEMED SUITABLE AND FIT.

I ASKED, Lord, work, and Thou gavest me  
What in Thy wise purpose Thou thoughtest  
meet,  
That silently for Thee I might speak  
*Words, which Thou gavest suitable and fit.*

Thou knewest, Lord, no *open service* could  
show,  
So, comest to my rescue in this wise :  
That Thou might'st be my benevolent defender,  
Which, in my impotency is a grand surprise.

How wise ! tho' hidden, are Thy mystic  
designs,  
Untraceable are Thy depths, and skill'd ;  
My latent thoughts *aforehand* Thou knewest  
That I might the more ready obedience yield.

In what, Lord ; doth my obedience consist ?  
Is it not I should Thy mandates obey ?  
To follow Thy precepts in law and rule !  
So, NONE shall Thy *rightful truths* gainsay.

106 **Thou gavest what seemed Suitable**

Yes, verily ! this Thou requirest of me  
To obey, and uphold, all Thy statutes fair.  
Sure, 'tis small favour, compared with Thine :  
Thou, *gavest Thy life* ! Thy glory to share.

THE TEMPLES OF PURITY.

How beauteous, calm and pure Christ's Temples  
are above

Where comely graces shine and love doth ever  
dwell !

Beneath whose canopy and stately pillars strong  
Worthies high do oft times His matchless wonders  
tell ;

Where purity sublime through all the courts  
abound,  
And His Holy Presence shed bright lustrous glory  
round.

The pillars there set up, time shall ne'er erase,  
Its firm foundations deep in rocky mould are  
cast :

And strong are built above, its vast and stately  
towers,

And blest is he within who join the sacred fast.  
Meet language there do find to fitly laud above  
His everlasting praise, in those high courts of  
love.

No earthly court presents to its invited guest  
Such worthy treasures rare, of pure and lasting  
worth,

108      **The Temples of Purity**

And all are offered free : *who bring but willing  
heart :*

Who in His all-great and valiant strength go  
forth

Shall prove His mighty power and all sufficiency  
There, within the precincts of His glorious see.

Where serene, and fairer than the break of dawn  
    Illuming the interior of this beatific place,  
Bright radiance penetrates thro' all the glorious  
    aisles ;

Shining in solid splendour throughout the bliss-  
ful space,

Where 'rayed in purity, He the King of Kings  
In majesty now sits, to shield us 'neath His wings.

THOU DIDST NOT CONFOUND !

BECAUSE my heart was fixed  
Thou didst not me confound,  
Since in Thee I took delight,  
I to Thy laws am *bound*.

In Thy golden statutes  
I find Thy service sweet ;  
Sufficient for *all* needs :  
Extreme desires to meet.

No variation e'er intrudes  
Intermediate course to mar,  
Or aught, which causes regret  
Unseemly, there doth jar.

My heart is firmly ground  
And fixed my choice for aye,  
Since all Thy laws are *pure*,  
Thy truths as lucid day.

So, *sure* Thou'lt ne'er perplex !  
Too wise and just art Thou  
To e'er forsake Thine own  
As all Thy truths do show.

THOU LEADEST ME O'ER PLEASANT  
WAYS.

OH, Master ! Thou leadest me o'er pleasant  
ways,  
Sure, mercy hath followed me all my days ;  
Now at the sunset Thou comest with smile  
Brightening the years of a little while.

Yes, reverse to my 'plaints of sorrows and  
care,  
Forgetting for awhile, *that all : grief must share :*  
*Sure*, 'twas that Thou knewest Thy chastening  
was best,  
'Twas not that Thou willingly, with cares did  
infest.

Who, like Thee, so excel, in wisdom afore  
To give when the rest was needed so sore ;  
Thy great plans to draw and hold in reserve ;  
Faithful to promise, which never doth swerve.

Yes, just when the weariness layeth me low,  
In the eve Thou comest sweet flowers to strow,  
*Did ever such love and unison meet ?*  
Showering rich blessings down at my feet !

## Thou Leadest Me

III

What shall I render Thee for mercies so rare ?  
On whom Thou bestowest so bounteous a share ?  
*Nought but surrender* my soul to Thy keep,  
And laud Thee for wisdom so matchless and deep!



## 'Tis Wondrous !

## 'TIS WONDROUS !

'Tis wondrous ! Oh, 'tis wondrous !  
How the Master leadeth o'er  
The trackless mirage deep,  
Thro' the desert, fens, and moor.

'Tis past thought, to comprehend !  
Why so kindly He should be,  
And for numberless sheep He cares  
Just as He careth for me.

He delighteth our faith to prove,  
So hideth sometimes awhile !  
To prove our faithfulness more  
Granting more grace meanwhile.

Just, and marvellous are His ways !  
Intricate paths He leadeth where  
So much past intelligent thought  
We scarce know which to steer.

Still, know that He knoweth *best*  
Tho' we cannot see ahead,  
And we know He leadeth right :  
Tho' we were blindfold led.

## 'Tis Wondrous !

113

Is this not *enough* to know ?  
Comprising all points we seek ?  
With promise that's sealed to guide  
Our faltering steps when weak !

What have *we* done for this ?  
Just put the question *now* !  
Comparing with His just laws,  
Find naught commensurate to show !

## 'Tis Easy to Judge

## 'TIS EASY TO JUDGE.

How easy it seems to judge  
When once you've seen a flaw  
And gather in imagination  
Setting down the items as law.

'Tis a current you cannot stay,  
It floweth at every turn,  
When once 'tis in motion set  
All the items you quickly learn.

As well bid the stars retreat  
When mid-night vigil must keep  
As any true excuse to move  
Tho' you pleaded till eyelids weep.

Must have been some cherish'd idea  
Wished to be cultured and nursed,  
Some deep-rooted notion within  
Made you thus, so skilfully vers'd.

'Tis easy to judge, all know !  
When once a brother-man fall !  
But why not the matter *unearth*  
Sift at the *root* of it all.

## THE UNITY OF PEACE.

Oh ! beauteous ! and ever blessed tranquil  
    peace  
    Uniting ardent souls, and scattering mercies  
    round ;  
I know not where I shall begin to praise,  
    The vastness of thy compass doth know no  
    bound !

What *words* surpass the *golden words sweet*  
    *peace,*  
    Which setteth all things right, which erst was  
    wrong :  
Thy genial unity doth all the earth embrace ;  
    Thy inimitable strength do make the empire  
    strong.

Oh ! peace ! thou settlest contentions the house-  
    hold in,  
    Rendering the hearth a throne where sacred  
    counsel meet  
In Holy consultation, dissolving contumely  
    Where, in united converse each in loving con-  
    cord greet.

## The Unity of Peace

*Sublime* are thy fair virtues, extending far  
Thy universal sway so all the earth might  
know  
The greatness of Thy power and blest fulfil-  
ment ;  
As favours most benign invariably do show.

What blessings oft accrue in commerce of the  
*state*  
Extending far and wide o'er earth's imperial  
main,  
For every purpose *pure*, 'tis limitless in power,  
Embracing all the attributes *becoming man to*  
*gain*.

Sweet mercy, and love, and pure graces  
abound,  
Mercies none can count *save* He *who* holds the  
*key*  
Who doth dispense to all golden laws of  
peace,  
Opening wide His treasure-store, giving full and  
free.

Resolving all dissonance, creating life anew :  
When in divine accord they sit in judgment  
there.  
Oh ! *who shall know the trend, such unity*  
*divine*  
In contacts touching union, where other's  
peace they share.

## **The Unity of Peace**

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No realm so benighted, peace shall fail to influence ;

Hope, joy, and love unite, blending harmonious  
graces fair,

Sought for and cherished for its pure worth alone  
Principalities and powers its munificence share.

## THE MAN OF SORROWS.

Oh ! who can tell ! what He the Man of Sorrows  
bore ?

'Twas not the worldly wise could probe the  
secrets of His soul  
When in dark Gethsemane His heart was bleeding  
sore,  
*True friends He'd none*, throughout the universal  
whole.

When from His cheeks in prayerful agony life  
drops flow'd down,  
While He in agonising throes besought Jehovah's  
aid ;  
What creature e'er example set, *as by His life was  
shown*,  
Tho' meanwhile in derision held : and all His  
paths waylaid.

*Now*, as in times past and gone, this same rule  
abides,  
Since blinded unbelief controls the ways of  
man  
'Twill always rule in future time, while struggling  
conscience hides :  
They'll not controlled be by Him their souls  
who scan !

## THE NARROW WAY.

I LOVE that little narrow way,  
Sometimes so much abused,  
Because it's very plain  
It's not so frequent used.

The Master chose this quiet way  
Because 'twas better *far*,  
His sheep were safe within  
From where intruders mar.

'Tis an even pleasant road  
So straight you cannot miss,  
If you fix your eyes ahead !  
The steady light of His :

When the broader way I've trod,  
I've wandered far and wide,  
Till lost within the thicket, I  
Found no safe place to hide.

The light once seen so clear  
Seem'd lost 'mid winding maze,  
With no strong *guide* to marshal  
And all my senses daze.



## The Narrow Way

But in the narrow way I find  
No wilds to lead astray,  
*This* is one reason why  
I love this pleasant way.

But more than aught besides,  
The *Presence* there I see,  
Mid clearer Light ahead!  
Within His precincts *free*.

## THE GLORIES OF NATURE, AND THE SUN.

At leisure, 'tis a glorious time to saunter  
When beauteous nature scatters wide her  
glories bright,  
And the atmosphere and all creation are  
Harmoniously astir with glad and *pure* delight.

'Tis good to feel the genial glowing sun,  
And the balmy breezes playing round your  
form  
As perfumed flowers send fragrance thro' the air,  
When 'tis shining gay, and bright, and warm.

Yes, all things are fair in nature's wise,  
Pure, and sweet, to him who *loveth* such :  
Who, musing, gaze around with *pure intent*,  
And *search* ! with hidden mysteries come in  
touch.

Oh ! who could gaze upon the lustrous sun  
Or healthful charms sweet nature spreads  
around ?  
Nor feel within his ardent longing soul  
A *living source* ! pure springs where joys  
abound ?

The eager soul with warm, intense desire  
May here, at will, inhale its essence *primary* :  
First issue from *uncontaminated* stores,  
As tho' to draw the charmed soul away

From trivial lesser joys, and sordid exultation.  
First precepts to lead our onward course,  
Guiding by pleasant ways o'er the singled track :  
Led ! Resisting, *rude uncomely laws of force*.

We know not *how* to laud, or estimate  
The *Giver* of such rich and bounteous gifts :  
'Tis past crude thought, or meanly understanding ;  
And our responsive souls with gratitude uplift.

## THE GENTLE DOVE.

SWEET emblem of the Holy Dove !

Thy tender, soft and kindly mien  
Our admiration doth excite  
To love, and warmly thee esteem :

Thou hast a mild and pleasing eye.

The circlet round thy graceful neck  
A sign to mark some special type  
Of gentle innocence to reck !

Thy tenderness a gracious charm

To please and gratify our eyes,  
And own God's gift conferred, to serve  
Some chaste design, for purpose wise.

## TWINS.

Two bairns with golden tress  
But one was favoured less,  
    They both were prized by me  
Yet I loved this one the best :  
    'Tho' not so fair to see  
Proved the sweetest one, by far,  
    In measureless degree.

So 'tis oft the thing despised  
Is by some fate, disguised,  
    And what man deemeth best  
Ofttimes doth prove reverse :  
    Which needs a closer test  
Beneath the surface fair  
    To prove an equal guest.

I've learnt to prize likewise,  
Not for the casket's guise,  
    But what within that's rare,  
The jewels for their worth :  
    The *favour'd* most attention share  
So I strive to equalise  
    With love and 'tentive care.

## TRUE OR FALSE ?

ETERNITY shall prove how true or false my words  
have seem'd.

I unaided, all alone, must the primal onset bear :  
It is no *creature's* right to judge the Master's wise  
designs,

Nor measure aught by prejudice, of truths they  
may not share,  
Oft, He His chosen sons, choice work doth find  
to mould for Him,

Still, leaving some in wonderment, to work  
enigmas out,  
Nor question we the justice why He takes this  
way or that

Since, Him not given *serious thought*, nought  
effective bring about.

Some look for miracles, when found not suited,  
feign surprise,

Then turn with disappointed mien, aside, and  
truth eschew :

All this we do expect desiring here to tread the  
pilgrim's way

Nor shrink to bear the uplifted cross for One  
so *pure* and *true* !

'Twas *even so* past ages gone; and so 'tis understood  
And still moves on. Did I not grasp His laws  
with quivering hands,  
To hold, might oft have drooped despairingly  
with none to help,  
In times past I have repined, but now I praise  
His plans  
Who doeth all things well, whate'er He finds  
to do.  
Tho' weariness the way enshrouds, since on  
Him I rely  
Feel safe, to anchor near His side in trustful ex-  
pectation calm,  
Well knowing that no other can such powerful  
help supply,  
Still, frail and mortal e'en at best, weak and  
prone to err,  
Swept round by varying winds and oft cast  
down devoid desires  
Too dim mine eyes to penetrate the glorious  
light :  
I had not spread His gracious words but thro'  
the fires  
Of tribulation's wholesome quickening power to  
purify,  
With this to learn, that *others bore* ; which  
smooths the checker'd ways.  
So onward eager press, nor count unfair the way  
He takes  
Since tho' suffering be not sweet, it paves  
life's winding maze.

It fills with dread to know that spirits blest, who  
watch  
And inmost *thoughts divine*! doth note un-  
comely words and acts,  
For sometimes unawares they flow tho' fain their  
course I'd check,  
While 'strength I pray to guard me thro'  
untrodden tracks,  
Nor count earth's sufferings hard the little while,  
so light, compared  
With His! small the sacrifice with no weighty  
cross to lift!  
Not more than meet for discipline from Him doth  
e'er proceed  
Toiling not for *praise or gain*! what availeth  
it so *swift*!  
Thro' varied changes that shall wring stamping  
the false or true  
This transient span of life flits by while parleying  
dreamily  
Forthwith, like vapoury mist of morn, scarce  
leaving time to sigh.



## TO LAUD THY ATTRIBUTES.

INSPIRE, dear Lord, my soul, to laud Thy attributes  
divine,

Invoke with zeal Thy glorious claims to spread  
each day ;

That doubtful souls uplifted be ; to see and own  
And spread abroad Thy powerful beneficent  
sway :

Come, with love and might, as in past times  
Thou did'st,

And move within each heart and fill with grace  
divine ;

That all the earth may 'vantage gain, Thou gav'st  
for all

Who see, and willing come, and bow beneath  
Thy glorious shrine.

Yes, the guerdon is for all who *bend*, and willing  
come,

Who yieldeth arms to potent sway, and to Thy  
precepts bow ;

Sweet peace like rivers purified : unmolested flow  
along ;

We cherish doubt, suspectingly ; *need we to  
question so ?*

## To Laud Thy Attributes 129

Since mystery lies with self *alone* : 'tis but that  
we desire !

And he who asks receives, with choice addition  
more,

Didst Thou not clear the way in times remote,  
and show

The hidden life, and Thou'rt the same to-day,  
as heretofore.

To those who seek pure peace in Thee, Thou wilt  
unfold

Thy mystic treasures, rare, and richly will their  
souls imbue

On Thy sublimer heights ; who will to learn may  
read !

Thy purer language there where dwells in light  
the few

Who Thee delight to know ; and searched to com-  
prehend,

Where now they justified do stand and their  
rich offerings bring ;

That life's *for all who ask*, who feel their helpless  
need ;

Naught that *we* have done could merit favour  
so benign.

## VARIANCE.

WHEN two at variance seem,  
And neither knows the why ;  
*What years of pain flit by :*  
No future can redeem.

Maybe *each* strives to know,  
With true sincere resolve  
Obscurity would solve ;  
Yet, still at variance go.

When welcomed if he willed !  
To seal the bond of peace,  
E'en, after the watching cease,  
*But that promise !* unfulfill'd !

'Tis this great virtue bind ;  
And much is cherished too,  
Friendship's love like fragrant dew  
Diffused, refresh the mind.

Nor look he to implore,  
But seal the contract *true*,  
Nor wrong design construe !  
Nor mar the short years more !

## WHITE UNTO CHANGE.

As sinks the waning sun when summer ebbs  
A whiter glory, crisp, and semi-'paque  
Shall guild the autumn's coming days,  
To greet gray morn, o'er foliage and lake.

While nature in her ever changeful mood  
Persistently revolves from year to year.  
From which some useful lessons might be drawn  
If in sweet nature's method we concur.

All life's renown, if rightly understood,  
Until our well tried fleeting span expires  
As sinks *subdued*, our life's last setting sun  
Shall crown the hoary years, as life retires.

And so shall return our life's record  
Thro' changeful deeds and just truths entertained  
With ardour warm, and purpose pure and true,  
Until the happy long sought goal is gained.

**WE PASS ON TO THE RESURRECTION !**

(WAITING AT THE GATE !)

WHAT tranquil peace waits on the halcyon forms  
 Who meekly stand beside Hades' entrance door?  
 Waiting with lowly patience the bridegroom to  
 embrace :

Entering joyfully. Whence they return *no  
 more !*

Naught vieth with the peace *light* reflecteth  
 there,

And blessed resignation engraven on each brow,  
 Illuming faces sweet with smiles of heavenly joy  
 Mortal ne'er excell'd, nor half their beauty  
 know !

Musing on the scene, while lost in admiration  
 Feel *assured* death's river-gate is the entrance  
*true,*

The blessed way to presence of the King  
 Thro' the blissful resurrection, life is breath'd  
 anew.

What magic power hath wrought producing such  
 states

Wherein those placid forms reflect such lustrous  
 light,

## We Pass on to the Resurrection 133

Peace, purity, and love, in vivid tableau bright ;  
All life's joys, and sorrows, borne in upon,  
Stamp'd and written *there* ! proclaiming prize  
they've won.

Wonder is it, they wait there so serene ?  
They've their *roll*, and staffs whereon to *lean* !

## WHY DO YOU JUDGE?

WHY do you judge so, that little girl shy,  
When you know well no two are the same ?  
God varies His handiwork just as He wills,  
Why, thoughtless, what she could not help,  
blame ?

*Far from the truth* when you judged her morose ;  
Tho' shy, she can love, with warm-hearted zeal,  
And her ardent soul so brimful of song  
Can be joyful too, and great sympathy feel !

And tho', individual each day she grows,  
Blame her not, for you do not understand,  
Since you know not the depths of her soul,  
And blame not her speech, because it is bland.

Just lend your pity, if 'tis only a crumb,  
Maybe you'll not begrudge so small a measure ;  
'Twill add to your virtues to cherish complaisance  
Rendering adequate amends, worthy her pleasure.

## WELCOME THE MORN.

O WELCOME this bright Easter morn !  
Come, haste to put away  
All superfluities ;  
More seemly resolutions lay !

Upon this festive glorious morn  
They say the sun doth dance,  
And as ushered in to-day  
I've ofttimes seen its glance :

Aglow, to light the dreary tomb  
Its utmost secret depth to find,  
That pure fair form to glad  
And bleeding wounds to bind !

To guide His loosen'd pinions  
Safe, to the heavenly plain  
The goal of His Father's courts  
There, light shall *nevermore* wane.



**WHEN THE SHADOWS HAVE PASS'D.**

WHEN shadows of earth have passed,  
     I shall behold my love again :  
 And sweeter for absence past  
     Will be my song's refrain !  
 When beside him I shall sing  
     With the pure and heavenly throng ;  
 In the presence of the King !  
     Whose praise shall be my song !

When reunited there again,  
     Where parting is unknown ;  
 We'll sing a sweet refrain !  
     When earth's *shadows* all have flown ;  
 Yes ! together we will sing  
     I and my love again !  
 Sweetest anthems to our King !  
     When above with Him we reign !

## WE SAW.

(I, AND THE SPIRIT, SAW WHAT IT CONTAINED !)

Tho', do your best,  
Glide down the current, swift tho' it may,  
The sparks of life that issue by  
*Not mine !* shall shed their lucid light  
To radiate with pure purpose high,  
Brighter and purer for keen contest,  
As thro' the trial fires it merges  
The clear pure truth within its hold  
Shall quell the scowling billows' surges :  
Purer, thro' sacrificial fires brought  
Just scattering as it gently glideth down  
That which the inward spirit wrought  
Some gleams : haphazard tiny fertile streaks  
Where none did penetrate before  
To warn, or cheer, or onward press :  
E'en tho' our portion here a rigid cross !  
Mean ! to await no sacrifice in store ;  
Our mission here is—love, with self-denying loss.  
Words I've prayed, not meant who they  
suppose  
Which quick to their untutored lips arose.

'Tis no surprise,  
We saw the draught, what it contained !  
All powerless ! 'gainst the effective antidote  
So pure and soothing and close to hand  
*And He the tried, was near to bless.*  
Never heed the bubbles, 'bove the swelling tide,  
They'll soon display their emptiness  
When the light things break, vapoury and foul ;  
Who fain would wind their tresses weird around  
In vile attempt may thwarted be,  
Perchance, may in their windings' coil be bound ;  
Still, not by me, or aught of good besides,  
Would no man harm, or any creature would,  
While we unfurl our banners flying wide  
And wave them high above the Holy rood :  
Not as those who swoop on fateful wings  
With hurt intent, where love supreme should  
reign :  
Salutary cheer sweet peace and comfort brings :  
Shedding a halo round the spacious main.  
Intent, with purpose firm, whate'er betide  
*Defend the truth*, tho' all the earth defied.  
Sure, love's a mission sweet ! tho' trying loss  
Tenfold menace to raise the rigid cross.

WHERE SHALL I REST ?

WHEN I depart this life,  
Where shall my spirit rest ?  
In some far aerial region  
Or, on Christ's *restful breast* ?

I could not bear the thought  
That I should ne'er awake  
To praise His blessed name  
Or join the heavenly wake :

I would not care to stay,  
Had I no hopes or bond  
Of future bliss or happiness,  
Within the precincts 'yond.

Shall I be welcomed there,  
The ethereal life *sure* win ?  
Or bolts be drawn *on me*  
Or, refusal to greet me in ?

He's promised, on Him, who 'tend  
In His joys shall participate !  
His gem-set courts within  
When, in His *form they wait*.

**Where shall I Rest?**

Still, it is meet to question  
If I have part, or lot,  
In the weighty matter discuss'd,  
Or, my heart upright or not !

I cannot avoid inquiry :  
I would not if I might,  
Since, the subject's too *important*  
To be *shun'd*, or wielded *light* !

## What have I done for Thee? 141

### WHAT HAVE I DONE FOR THEE ?

Oh what have I done, dear Saviour ?

O what have I done for Thee ?

That Thou should'st bestow Thy love :  
Should'st suffer and die for me.

O what have I done, I request ?

That Thou should'st Thy mercy extend  
My repeated petition to grant !  
Condescending my path to defend.

What, Lord, have I done of use ?

To answer the end why created ?  
And *what is Thy will concerning me* ?  
And how much to Thee related ?

So full of compassion art Thou !

Thy measureless gifts are immense :  
On all creatures Thou dost confer  
Thy ineffable love, intense !

Respond, now, dear Lord, I pray !

Say, *what has been done for Thee* ?  
The heart's so *delusive* at best  
And dull senses so slow, to see !

142 **What have I done for Thee ?**

Say quickly, what for Thee I've done ?

Now, awaken mine eyes to behold  
What Thou waitest, so free to confer  
Blest exchange of a hundredfold.

For the love so meagre returned,  
It *surpasseth my knowledge to know*,  
Why such kind condescension and love  
Thou should'st on Thy creature bestow.

Oh ! what can I do but bend ?  
Low, at Thy feet in the dust,  
Thine infinite aid to implore ;  
Thy all compassionate mercy to trust.





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